

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN



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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN
THE NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society.

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(Opposite Faneuil Hall.)

Geo. NOYES, Proprietor and Publisher.

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and intelligent tastes of the most active

and intelligent portion of the public.

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The N. E. Agricultural Club in Maine.—The following letter from Mr. Ira E. Getchell, President of the North Kennebec (Me.) Agricultural Society, to the President of the New England Agricultural Club, shows the importance of the people of Maine of the benefits of the late meeting at Waterville.

HON. DANIEL NEEDHAM, President N. E. Agricultural Club.—Respected and Dear Sir: Now that the excitement of the Waterville Institute is over, and the privileges offered, and come to know more fully its objects, you may be sure that the members of the Agricultural Society estimate the benefit of such a meeting, and the obligation they are under to those who organized and conducted it, to make a report to the Agricultural Club. The Institute at Waterville was well attended by intelligent, representative farmers from all parts of New England, and it is evident that should another be held the interest and attendance would be still greater.

Entire harmony prevailed from the last. The subjects discussed were well chosen, and the speakers were well qualified, in an attractive and interesting manner. Both newspapers and farmers, have given their unqualified praise to the Institute, and we feel ourselves under great obligations to those who came from Massachusetts, and to the State of Maine, to attend and take part in the meeting.

The privilege of meetings like this is the forming of new and useful agricultural acquaintances.

It is a great pleasure to us to meet every one of our new acquaintances, many under as pleasant circumstances as possible.

We all know that the Club is in a great measure due to your perseverance and labor in its organization, and we are deeply grateful to you for the work you have done for us. We are pleased that you were present from being with us. With kind regards to all our friends, I remain very respectfully yours,

Ira E. GETCHELL.

CONSUMPTION,

the scourge of the human family, may in the early stages be promptly arrested and permanently removed.

BATESWOOD, W. Va., Oct. 26th, 1873.

Dr. B.—In the last year I have been using your Goldenseal. I have given my life to it, having been afflicted for years. Do not use it but a few drops a day, and you will be well again. The Institute, and we feel ourselves under great obligations to those who came from Massachusetts, and to the State of Maine, to attend and take part in the meeting.

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Ira E. GETCHELL.

EDWIN GATES,

Improved Milking Pail.

THE "GATES" Improved Milking Pail.

INVESTMENT.

OAKDALE

BUILDERS' ASSOCIATION FORMING.

THE VALUE OF SHARPS, \$100.00 WILL PAY

FOR THE PRACTICE OF MEDICAL SURGERY.

THE HIGHEST HOUSES to be erected this season.

RARE OPPORTUNITY

FOR

INVESTMENT.

OAKDALE

BUILDERS' ASSOCIATION FORMING.

THE SUPERIOR FRUIT AND STOCK FARM,

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The Poet's Corner.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

CONTENTMENT.

There's something I want, but I hardly can say, 'Tis found in the cottage right over the way; They call it contentment, a something so queer No money can buy it and yet 'tis not dear. I've worked very hard, to find and obtain it, But the harder I strive, the more I gain it; And the more I have, with a will and a hope, And it's beyond me, far out of my scope.

My Father is poor and drives all the day, There's little he eats, but he's little to pay; His wife is neat, so frugal and kind; To wish she was more, I have felt inclin'. Most sure she has some, but I have not fully recommended me for my kindness to the children of the poor. Christians.

There's something I crave; Oh, what can it be? I have it, though I have as you see, A home in style and carriages too.

With pictures and books and friends not a few.

My servants submissive, my table well spread;

My wife is well dressed and of fashion the latest;

And I must own, I am plainly decked.

There's something I seek, I cannot tell.

There's something I wish, I sure cannot tell.

Why others should have it, and I not as well.

I've tried hard to get it; my land and my gold.

I've given to get it, but still I am sold.

My neighbor has got it, and I have all the day.

This is the way it goes right over the way.

But here in my home, where there's music and wine,

There's something I want, and never is mine.

My neighbors little and I know a score;

This something I want, and never is mine.

Contentment's the word I know is very well.

To life it gives a charm and a spell;

But sure I can't get it, I do not know why,

With money and land quite hard to try.

There's something I want, I wish, and I crave;

No traffic or barrier this way's ever can!

But it is grow in trees, dear pain stricken one!

The way of the something, show's growth's had

but none.

They are like nothing; they gold is but

drose;

To get this something, count all else as loss;

My neighbor's cottage right over the way—

Could teach me many a lesson.

With the neighbor, thy land and thy self;

To others give frosty hands to thyself;

But sinking thyself, thy neighbors to raise,

Will bring thee contentment and bless all thy

days.

Ladies' Department.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

I was horribly lonesome. What could I do with myself? It is only about Christmas time that my individuality hangs heavily upon me; my business requires me to be out of doors, and I have been more successful in money matters than in any other interest in life. But now the holidays were here. Everything in my nest changed, and I was lonesome. I had a real satisfaction in the feeling that they belonged to me. But how lonesome were we? A fellow just passed my window with a covered basket, one arm, and on the other a happy-looking woman, smiling gaily as she walked. Well, I might have had a wife, if it had been for Charley's perfidy; and, if Anna's to me, for I suppose she was.

I wonder if either of them were to blame?

Love is where it is sent, they say, and I really suppose they could not help loving each other. Poor Anna, a good, honest woman, I should like to know what her fate was. It seems strange that I have never heard one word from them since that Christmas. She was to have married before Christmas, but Charley was younger and handsomer than I, and there were such brilliant prospects for him. I wonder if and surely they have not, or I should have heard. O, if I could see them again!

I had forgotten them both before the expiration of a year, but Anna's appearance to me then; for how could I forget the charge of my dying mother? "Take me, Paul," she said, "be good, and tender, and true to me, and we will be happy." And I was, with what ingratitude he may repay your kindness—forgive him not only seven times, but seventy times seven. Be to him more than a mother, and a true friend, and a vacant place for him. Say to yourself, it will be true—there is no crime on earth that would cause my mother to cast off her child. I have had one taste of the more than I was to have married me, the more I shall comfort and solace them; until at last, with a patience that never wears, and a zeal the never flag, and a love that never flags, I will land them within the portals of that eternal home where sin and sorrow can come no more forever."

Anna died, and I slipped down the thread of time, each adding to my anxiety, until I felt that I would gladly give all my accumulated wealth for the sight of their faces once more.

I was far away from these torturing thoughts, I said; I will go out and seek some adventure, praying my good spirit to lead me where I can make a friend for somebody, that I may be able to get a good price for my skill.

I had a real satisfaction in the feeling that they belonged to me. But how lonesome were we? A fellow just passed my window with a covered basket, one arm, and on the other a happy-looking woman, smiling gaily as she walked. Well, I might have had a wife, if it had been for Charley's perfidy; and, if Anna's to me, for I suppose she was.

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I had forgotten them both before the expiration of a year, but Anna's appearance to me then; for how could I forget the charge of my dying mother? "Take me, Paul," she said, "be good, and tender, and true to me, and we will be happy." And I was, with what ingratitude he may repay your kindness—forgive him not only seven times, but seventy times seven. Be to him more than a mother, and a true friend, and a vacant place for him. Say to yourself, it will be true—there is no crime on earth that would cause my mother to cast off her child. I have had one taste of the more than I was to have married me, the more I shall comfort and solace them; until at last, with a patience that never wears, and a zeal the never flag, and a love that never flags, I will land them within the portals of that eternal home where sin and sorrow can come no more forever."

Anna died, and I slipped down the thread of time, each adding to my anxiety, until I felt that I would gladly give all my accumulated wealth for the sight of their faces once more.

I was far away from these torturing thoughts, I said; I will go out and seek some adventure, praying my good spirit to lead me where I can make a friend for somebody, that I may be able to get a good price for my skill.

I had a real satisfaction in the feeling that they belonged to me. But how lonesome were we? A fellow just passed my window with a covered basket, one arm, and on the other a happy-looking woman, smiling gaily as she walked. Well, I might have had a wife, if it had been for Charley's perfidy; and, if Anna's to me, for I suppose she was.

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